N. B. KLAINE, - Editor and Publisher

WHAT HE SAID. Oh, yes, I'll tell you the story— The very words that were said. You see the supper was cooking. And I was slicing some bread. And Richard came into the pantry: His face was exceedingly red.

He opened his haif-shut fingers, He opened his haif-shut Inngers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring
And then—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing.
And Fanny came in with her baby—
The cunningest bit of a thing;

And the biscuits were out in a minute-Well, what came next? Let me see-Oh! Fanny was there with the baby, ! And we all sat down to tea, And grandma looked over her glasses So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh, Panny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum-tree, And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know:
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle's so horribly slow.

And that—let me see—where was I?
Oh, the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loved me, and we're to be married—
And that is—about what he said. use Herald

HENNIKER'S DOWNFALL.

The idea of marrying for money was distasteful to Frank Henniker. Like most mea, no matter how "fast," had looked ferward in his inner heart to a time in the future when he should find a woman who truly loved him and should settle down into a quiet life and be very happy; and this ideal the thought of marrying for money dissi-pated. That it would be possible for him so to do he had not the slightest doubt. Without being conceiled he yet knew that he was more than tolerally good-looking, a gentleman and possessed of manners and bearing that insured him, at any rate among the younger members o his acquaintance, a hearty welcome wherever he went But to marry for money - to give up all his sentimental ideas of finding a disposition that would be thoroughly congenial to bis own-to marry a girl who in all probability would not have a single thought or feeling in common with him-this was, indeed, a bitter pill to swallow.

It was, however, no time for nambypamby sentiment. Ruin was staring him in the face, and disgrace was not so very far behind but that he could see the coming shadow. There could be no doubt about it; he must marry for money. Disagreeable as the physic was, it must be taken, and upon whom should his choice fall?

Cogitating thus within himself, his eye fell upon a letter in a rack above the chimney-piece, the address of which was written in a pretty feminine hand. Surely here was the very thing! That same morning he had received an invitation from an exceedingly wealthy cotton spinner in Manchester, to whom he had recently had the opportunity of being of some service in town, asking him to spend Whitsuntide with him. This cotton spinner was a widower, and had an only child, a daughter. Thoughtfully Henniker opened the letter and read it through. The contents ran

"THE MIDLANDS, DIOSDURY, May II, IS—
"DEAR MR. HENNIKER: Papa, for whom I am acting as secretary, wishes to know if you will do us the pleasure of spending Whitsuntide here. He understood, I think, from what you said when he w.s in town, that you were not engaged for that season. If you will let us know when and by what train we may expect you, the carriage shell meet you at the station. Papa sends his kind regards and hopes you will come. Believe me, yours very truly, LILY MAIT AND."

"Lily," mused Henniker, as he laid down the letter—"a pretty name! And it is a nice ladylike hand she writes. I wonder what she is like? Just the opposite of the name, I dare say - a short, stout, awkward girl with large red hands and tremendous feet, who blushes fearfully whenever she is addressed and hasn't a word to say for herself: it is not difficult to understand what the daughter of an uncultivated cottonspinner, brought up under the extremely refining influence of Manchester so-society, will be like. Or perhaps she is one of the 'loud' school, bold and masculine, a perfect boy in petticoats. There's something rather free and easy about the letter, now I come to think of it, though it is written so nicely. However, as I have decided that she is to be my future wife; it is scarcely wise to pull her to pieces. I'm in for the race now, and it would only be the act of a very foolish man to depreciate the prize;" and, pulling a writing-case towards him, Le hastily wrote an acceptance of Mr. Maitland's kind invitation, promising to be in Manchester on the day but one afterwards.

It was with no very pleasant feel-feelings that Frank Henniker traveled down from Euston on the day appointed. Mr. Maitland was not at home, the butler who opened the door at the Midlands informed him, not having yet re-turned from business, but Miss Maitland was in the drawing-room, if he would be pleased to walk that way; and thither accordingly be directed his steps. As he entered, a tall, fair girl of about twenty-two rose from her seat at the far end of the room, where she had been reading, and advanced to meet

She was very different from his anticipations, he thought, as he shook hands with her. This was certainly not the common, insignificant-looking girl he had prepared himself to see. On the contrary, she was infinitely more ladylike, both in her appearance and manner, than many of the friends he had left in London, and she had one of the sweetest faces he thought he had ever seen. With easy grace she bade him welcome to the house, excusing her father's absence as a matter of necessity, and then she resumed her seat and they entered into conversation. Instinctively during it all Henniker felt that her clear, brown eyes were scruti-nizing him closely, that she was, as it were, summing him up and making a mental estimate of his value. He began to take an interest in the girl, and the more so because he felt that he had previously done her an injustice.

The butler came in presently to show Henniker to his room, and, when the young man went back, he found Miss Maitland with her hat and jacket on. "I thought you would perhaps like to look round the grounds if you are not too tired with your journey," she

He saswered that he should be only too pleased, and they at once sallied out together.

Going along she gave him little de-criptions of the neighborhood, showed him her canine pets, the horses, et ceters, and did her best to entertain

lieved possible. The girl had a wonderfully attractive manner. She was so easy and unaffected, so thoroughly un-conscious that she was beautiful and stylish, so different from the parrot-girls of society whom he had previously and yet so completely their equal in the finer attributes of good society, in grace and refinement, with tenfold more depth of character and cultivation, that Henniker enjoyed his walk as he had

It was about five o'clock when they had finished their rounds and tea was served in the drawing-room. Henniker and were as well-bred in their habits as the friends he had left in London. At dinner, too, there was none of that gorgeous display of plate that he had been led to expect. Everything was conducted quietly and unostentatiously. Mr. Maitland, perhaps, to those who did not know him, was the blot upon Walter Maitland ever lived. Originally the salesman in a small warehouse in steady industry and unwearying perseverance, raised himself to his present position among the most honored of Manchester merchants: but, unlike the majority of men who have risen solely through their own exertions, his success had not made him arrogant and self-assertive, nor was he in the habit of boasting of his achievement. He knew shamed to own it; but he never did so obtrusively. Kind to a fault, always willing to assist any one in distress, innocent as a child in many of the world's ways, wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and as unaffected as the day on which he was born, Walter Maitland, to those who knew him, was a man to respect,

to honor and to love. Unfortunately Frank Henniker did not know him, and he was obliged to judge him by outward appearance. He laurhed so loudly and so heartily at his own jokes, who often dropped his "h's" and mispronounced his words, was a very vulgar being. Henniker had been brought up in an exclusive set, with whom faults of breeding were iniquities that could never be atoned for, even by the best qualities of disposition. At dinner, unconsciously to himself, he could not help showing the direction in which his thoughts lay. However, it passed off very well, and Mr. Maitland did not perceive that his guest was a trifle offended, not to say disgusted, with his ways. But once or twice Henwhich he could not understand. It puzzled him

After dinner, in the drawing-room, she sang songs for him; and again Henniker was thrown into a state of wonderment. Such a thrilling voice, so touching in its tender pathos, he had time that she was singing. But when he showed symptoms of the great delight that he felt Miss Maitland at once a woman after all! rose from her seat, and rather coldly re'used to sing any more.

Henniker's thoughts, as he sat in his bedroom that night, were anything but pleasant. Above everything he felt Mr. Maitland, Henniker and Lily He had acted, it seemed to him, very like a fool. He had come from London full of self-conceit, com- gether. placently satisfied that the people he kind regards and of creation to himself, quite an inferior race of beings, living in a common under-bred way, that to a man of cultivated tastes would be most objectionable; and here he found them every bit as refined in their habits as himself, and with none of that ostentations display which he had so confidently expected.

It was really most mortifying. Then there was the daughter. had actually thought of this girl as if he would be conferring a favor on her

by asking her to marry him! The fact was that Henniker was as much in love with Lily Maitland as it is possible for a young fellow to be in love with a girl after only eight hours' ac naintance.

So the days passed until Whit-Sunday was at hand. Those days had enlightened Henniker very much as to Mr. Maitland's true character. He had been among his work-people and had seen how they all reverenced and re-spected him, he had seen how considerate and thoughtful he was towards them, and he had heard from the peo-ple in the neighborhood of the Midlands how good and unselfish he was. But, more than all, he had been brought into close contact with the man himself. and he had had time and opportunity to become acquainted with his dispo sition and to mark the many little ways in which his generosity and true nobility of character showed themselves. The result was a total revulsion of feeling towards Mr. Maitland almost as complete as that towards his daughter. It was the evening before Whit-Sunday, the time about six. Henniker, who had been out riding, went to the

drawing room, not expecting to find any one there, for Lily had driven into town to make some purchases, and he hardly fancied she could have returned He was mistaken, however, for she was seated before the fire and in so leep a reverie that he had to speak to her before she became aware of his presence

"Your thoughts seem to be pleasant ones, Miss Maitland, if one may judge from the expression of your face, said, as he took a seat near her.

She started violently and a hot color stole into her cheeks. Henniker wondered why she should blush so much at such apparently innocent words.

It was but momentary, however, and when the flush died away it seemed to leave her face paler than usual. "Thoughts at Whitsuntide ought to be pleasant, Mr. Henniker," she said;

"but I don't know that mine were particularly happy. Did you enjoy your ride? "Very much. Sam. as I think you call him, carried me splendidly, and I

had no idea the country about Manchester was so interesting. It is really very pretty out beyond Cheadle." "I am glad you liked it; you will, at any rate, have one pleasant remem-brance of Manchester to carry away

with you." There was something in the tone in which she said this—something half sad and reproachful—that caused Henniker to lose his head.

"There is one remembrance that will always be inexpressibly dear to me," he said, in a low voice.

might, he must go cn. A choking sen-sat on rose in his throat, but he resolutely forced it back and steeled himself

for the coming ordeal. The flush again rose to her cheek. It For a moment what he would have construed as almost a happy look came over her face; but it passed away quickly, and her features grew hard and

lently. was surprised. It seemed that these of yourself," he said. 'I sar ely in come to me, Lity-just as you are, with-Manchester people lived like other folk tended to make this avowal so soon, out a penny? If you like, we will live Miss Maitland, but now that circum-stances have led up to it, it would simply be cowardice if I did not speak under the same roof with such a man. plainly. I love you! I know that this Oh, my darling, do have mercy on me is great presumption on my part, and Don't be hard upon me! I can't part that I am not half worthy of you, but, with you, you are the whole world to indeed, I couldn't help myself. It was me!" impossible to be in the same house with the scene. He certainly was a trifle vulgar. But his friends lost sight of this in their warm appreciation of his sterling good-nature. No better-hearted, more generous-minded man than the Welland Malland man than the Welland Malland man than the work without loving you. Oh, my darburst out crying if she had attempted you, how passionately, since I came here, I have hung upon every look and here, I have hung upon every look and every smile you have given me, surely fashion towards him. He took it in his, your heart would come out to me as and the compact was sealed. my heart has gone out to you! Will

my wife?"

He had flung himself upon the ground beside her as he spoke and had clasped her hand in his. For a moment she permitted it to remain there unresist ingly, while her whole woman's nature seemed to respond to his appeal: then, with a sudden effort, she drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, I will not be your wife!" she that, comparatively speaking, he was an ignorant man and he was not said, with flashing eyes and quivering mouth. "Mr. Henniker, you came here despising us poor Manchester people. You thought we were half savages, devoid of all cultivation and refinement. From the height of your intellectual superiority you looked down upon us and ridiculed us. I saw it in your manner, in your looks. Among others you thought fit to despise was my father. one of the best, the noblest of men. You scorned his speech and manners because he did not happen to have been felt strongly that this old gentleman so fortunate as yourself in receiving a who sat at the head of the table, who good education, but had worked his way upwards by energy and industry from a comparatively low rank in life. I saw quite clearly what was passing in your mind. And do you suppose I would marry such a man? thousand times no!"

Henniker had grown very pale. Will you listen to me for a moment, Miss Maitland?" he said very quietly as she turned to leave the room.

"For what purpose?" she asked, the tone of passionate indignation still thrilling her voice. "Do you fancy you could alter my decision? Never! Even the daughter of a Manchester merchant niker caught the daughter looking at has some little respect for herself and him with an expression on her face her relatives. I am ashamed of the man who is ashamed of my father. If you would go down on your knees and offer me all the riches the world contains I would not marry you! The subject had better be dropped between

In another minute she had swiftly never heard. It entranced him, and he remained fascinated by the piano all the stairs, and was lying on her bed, her face pressed into the bed-clothes, sobbing as if her heart would break. Only

Whit-Sunday that year was a glorious

thoroughly angry and dissatisfied with went to church. Coming back the merchant joined a friend, and Henniker and Lily were perforce thrown to-

He had seen very little of her since was going to see were an inferior order of creation to himself, quite an inferior When they had met she was shy and constrained. In church he had once or twice cast quiet glances at her-indeed, his thoughts were far more occupied with the pretty figure dressed in black at his side than with the service; but "No, I ain't," striking the table with her eyes at such times were always downcast, and her attention seemed wholly riveted on her prayer-book.

Henniker was terribly dejected, and he looked quite pale and baggard. He longer. To be in the same house with this girl whom he loved with a'l the the old maid sniffed the air. strength and ardency of a particularly strong nature, to feel the constant charm and attraction of her presence, to know that she was not nor ever could be his, and to realize that it was entirely through his own fault that he ssed winning her, was more than he could bear. He would go away, but before he went he would explain mat-

The walked alone in silence for some distance. At length Henniker said,

"I am sorry, Miss Maitland, that I should still stay to offend you by my away from the table."

presence. Believe me, I would willing"No you wont," and he threw back y have gone away last evening could I his head and kicked the under side of have done so—indeed, it is misery for the table. me now to remain here. But, as Mr. Maitland expressly asked me for Whit-Sunday, it seemed rude to run away on the very eve of it; and indeed I could his head and looked like a cub bear. think of no excuse that would justfy such a course without introducing your name into the matter."

on my account," she interrupted hur-

"As this, however, is perhaps the last time I shall have the opportunity of speaking to you alone," he went on, without noticing her remark, "I should like, if you will bear with me to sould be shown to be stowed on him a look of indescribable." like, if you will bear with me, to say a word in answer to your charge of last night. I will speak frankly to you, Miss Maitland. I did come down to Man-chester with the views you describe, and I was an ignorant man in doing so-far more ignorant than the very people whom I despised. I did not think your father well educated or well bred; but I see now how wrong I was to judge a for I have discovered that he possesses a true nobility of disposition before which I, with my sma'l narrow mind, ought to blush. I am all the better for

"Yes, to marry you." "But you had never seen me."
"I know that; but I had heard of you. I knew that you were wealthy, or rather that your father was. I was poor and unfortunate-ruin was staring me in the face. I determined to come to Manchester, and, if possible, to marry you, to relieve myself from my debts. But before I had been twenty-four hours in the house circumstances altered my case. I was now really honestly in love with you. I could only this of the ceters, and did her best to entertain him. Henniker found himself listening in a way that he could hardly have be-

mot've with which I had come to Manchester with horror. More than once I determined to run sway—to leave you
—to get back to London, and, beginning a new and better life, to face my was impossible to mistake his meaning. ruin like a man; but the sight of your face chained me to the spot. I could not bear to part from you- I was pow-erless. I dare say, Miss Maitland, you think all I have said the mere emotional rever enjoyed any walk before. He almost forgot that his companion was only an uncaltivated cotton-spinner's only and nearest him was trembling vious of the sincerity of my words. By this morning's post I had a letter announcetalk of a man of the world, accomplished only.

"The dearest remembrance I shall whose property I succeed. I am now a have when I leave Manchester will be richer man than your father. Will you

She could not speak-she would have

"You were awfully severe on me las Spring Gardens, he had, by dint of you try to love me, Lily? Will you be night, Lily," he said later in the day when they were alone in the drawing room.

"So I was; but I never said one thing," she remarked, shyly.
"What was that?" he asked.

"That I did not care for you—because I did, you know," she added, with de licious naivete. Such was Henniker's downfall-that

he, a man of family and high social po-sition, should marry the daughter of a Manchester cotton-merchant! There are some people, however, who consider it was no downfall at all; and among such most emphatically was Henniker himself .- Family Herald.

A Mother's Mistake.

The spoiled boy in the boarding house comes nearer overthrowing the monu-ment of that constantly tested virtue patience-than all other combined agencies. The other day, at an Arkansaw health resort, a pale woman, leading a fretful "hang back" boy, entered the dining-room. Nearly every man looked up, although the weman and the boy made no noise, for men possess a strange intuition concerning spoiled children, and seem to feel the soundless footsteps of one. The boy was deposited in the "high chair," and the woman in a weariness of expression, showing the loss of sleep and the midnight march around the room, smoothed back the youngster's hair and asked what he

"Don't want nothin'," trying to shove his chair from the table. "Why, son, you said you wanted something to eat."

"No, I didn't." "You must not talk that way." "Yes, I will. I don't want that." taking up his plate and throwing off a piece

"What do you want then?"

"Want some 'serves."
"You should not eat preserves the first thing. Want mamma to break egg in a glass?" "Yessum."

She arranged the egg, being very careful to use the proper amount of salt and butter. "I don't want it," shoving it away.

"Eat the egg, son."
"I don't want it," upsetting the glass. "I ought to spank you for that."
"I should say so," muttered a drum-

"Don't you want a nice biscuit with sugar on it," asked the mother. She gave him the biscuit, after care

ful preparation, and he threw it on the

his knife. "Don't you want some of mamma" potatoes!

"Yes." he looked quite pale and baggard. He She put a piece of potato on his plate felt that he could endure this torture no and he brushed it off and threw it on the floor. The drummer groaned and

"I know what you want, and I'll self." said the mother, blushing.

"I want to get down.' She helped him down. "I want to get up." She helped him up, and asked him

"I want some of your coffee." She gave him her cup, and shoving i away, he cried: "Don't want that. Want my cof

fee.' "If you don't hush, I'll take you

"I'm going to tell your father; sure as you live, I am."
"No you wont," and he threw up

"Madam," said the old maid, "why don't you whip that boy?" "I hope you won't think of leaving and replied: "Oh, I am afraid. I whipped one boy before this one was iedly.

> An old lady, who had taken no ne tice of the performance, looked up and

tenderness.

said: "I think that you are doing your sor an injustice. To allow a child to pursue such an unrestrained course can not help but be an injury to him, and you indulgence, permit me to say, is mis-taken kindness. I corrected my elder man by a few external characteristics, son. I whipped him because I knew i was necessary. Like the child of whom you speak, he died. I resolved never again to enforce obedience, and when I was blessed -or cursed," she added having known your father, Miss Mait-land; and I have received a much-need-should never feel the hand of correc ed lesson that I hope I shall never for-get. But I will confess more than that. very nearly the same as that which you There shall be nothing but truth be-tween us now. After to-day I shall my word in his infancy, and after he mever see you again; but, at any rate, I shall have the consolation of thinking that there was no decept on between us. When I came to Manchester, I d.d so with a purpose—I came to marry you."

"To marry me!" she exclaimed, startled out of her silence by surprise.

"Yes, to marry you."

"The law-had-attempted—the correction were not on him. The law-had-attempted-the correction. He was hanged."

After a moment's silence the old lady

"If I could speak to all mothers rould say: Do not be blinded by

A traveler arriving at Algiers by rail naturally feels a sense of disap-pointment, as if he were come upon a nodern French town with its streets, large warehouses, colonades, and gay shop windows. This is modern Algiers and it lies along the borders of the sea for a distance of two miles or more, and on the rising hillsides, three or four blocks upwards. High above the French building, and directly back of them, rises what is left of the old Arab city. The houses, white as an advanced knowledge of the art of whitewashing can make them, are irregularly piled together, like a huge mass of rock candy. A flight of five hundred steps leads to the Kasha, or port, that surmoun a the height; and many other streets and lanes, dark, narrow and circutious, lead to the same point, giving the old town a triangular shape. Scattered over the hills on either side of the city one sees a large number of villas; those belonging to the French and rich Hebrews are more to the left of the town, while to the right live a large number of English, who occupy a trac of land extending three or four miles beyond Algiers. The impression of the place is much grander when one approaches it by water; its fine harbor, with the forts, lighthouse, and arsenal, the rising mass of buildings of dazzling whiteness, terminating in the grand of fort on the summit, and the Moorisa villas which surround the bay, half concealed by the luxuriance of the foliage, make Algiers one of the mos beautiful of cities. The climate is ab solute perfection. Neither hot nor cold but allowing one always to sit with open windows. The seasons are not marked by the budding of trees and the putting forth of flowers, for this is going on throughout the year .- Cor. Hartford

A Great Day in History.

Even before the death of Lord Beaconsfield the 19th of April was a day to be remembered in the history both of England and of the world. The origin of the name of Protestant is due as every one knows, to the famous protest of that day, in 1529, against a decree of the diet of Spires. Another series of events, of a widely different but scarcely less important character, were to date from the 19th of April, 1775, when the first shot was fired in the American Revolutionary war at Lexington. The day has also been illustrated by the death of several notable personages— e. g., of Byron (of whom Disraeli's "Lord Cadurcis" is perhaps the most appreciative sketch ever conceived) in 1824: of Christian of Sweden, 1689; of Melanchthon, 1560. Nor should Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Lord Treasurer of England, be forgotton. Like Lord Beaconsfield, he first distinguished himself (and in youth) as an author; was elected a member of the House of Commons; was raised to the peerage; became the first Minister of great Queen, and died on the 19th of April (1608). The prayer book further reminds us that the day is sacred to the

memory of St. Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by the Danes in 1012, after the capture of the metropolitan city. It was on the Saturday after Easter, the Central calendar having fallen on the same day in 1012 1884. The Danes, "who dined," pelted the hapless prelate with bones. "At last one Thrum, whom Elfheah had converted, and whom he had confirmed the day before, out of a feeling of pity clave his head with his Ælfheah, it need hardly be observed, is Prof. Freeman's way spelling the saint's name.—St. James Gazette.

Plant Lice.

Although there are several species of these troublesome little pests, known by the technical term of aphides, their destruction is similar. In light stony soils they will fasten on the roots of apple trees, and in a short time cause a maof ungainly excrescences and knobs, so as to injure the vitality of the tree and eventually cause its death. Wood ashes scattered over the surface of the soil close to its trunk will often effect a cure; but in bad cases the tree should be dug, then wash the roots clean, dust with wood ashes, or air-slacked lime, and re-

The annoying green fly is very readily eradicated, but if not taken in time will permanently injure many plants. Under glass, the smoke from tobacco stems luickly destroys them, and on roses in the open air, a little pyreturum powder or white hellebore is sure death to the unwelcome visitors. The black species that disfigure the tips of chrysanthemums in Summer are more difficult to get rid f, but a frequent dusting with snuff is a partial cure at least, and if persisted in will finally eradicate them. Occasionally German asters will assume a stunted, sickly appearance, and if taken out of the ground the roots will be found covered with little aphides. They should be washed in tepid water and sprinkled with wood ashes. Indeed, wood ashes on the soil, or a little weak lime water, will often work a cure without digging up the plants. -Josiah Hoopes, in N. Y.

It is a foolish girl who will ask her lover which he likes best, beauty or trains. No matter which way be answers she is sure to get ma 1.—Philadelphia Call.

THE quinine combination has bursted and our friends down the river can now have their fever and ague with some de-gree of comfort.—St. Louis Critic.

TREY All Pealed .-The onions peeled in the kitchen, The organ pealed by note, And the bell pealed in the steeple, When the sexton peeled his coat. -Merchant Traveler.

In a Western city, recently, a Mr. Turn was married to a Miss Turn. The com-ment of the local paper was: "One good Turn deserves another."

WHEN Fogg nad his pocket picked, he spoke of the act as "rank plagiarism." People are apt to say bitter things when their temper is up.—Boston Transcript. In the Blizzard country—Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: Yes, I came West to look after my p operty. I am looking after it now. There go the house and barn!"

New spring bonnets are certainly very beautiful, but it would interest horticulturists to know where the flowers grow that are represented on some of them.—
Hartford Times.

"WILL you have roastbeefcornbeefroastporkporkandbeanshamandbeconorhash?"
rattled the pretty waitress to Jones the
first night in his new boarding house. The
bashful man blushed and remarked that
"he believed he would, thanka."—N.Y.
Graphic.

A COOK was told to boil a dozen eggs two minutes each. She placed the twelve eggs in the kettle and kept them in just twenty-four minutes. "Mercy!" she said, when bersted afterward. "Ain't twice twelve twenty-four!"

THE worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm than your own,—Chicago Sun.

CURE OF PAIN IN BACK AND STIFF 104 ADELPHI STREET, BROOKLYN N. Y., February 20, 1884. I have had pain in my back for years and t troubled me night and day. I could get no relief, not even for an hour. At last, hearing so much of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS I tried two. In three hours the pain began o decrease; in twelve hours I was entirely relieved. I continued wearing the Plaster a week, and was entirely cured. I also used them for a stiff neck, which ALL-COCK'S PLASTERS cured in four hours. N. A. MULLAY. CURE OF LUMBAGO. 100% Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J., 1 February 18, 1884.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with lumbago for a long time, and have tried everything, and could not get relief until I used ALLCOCK's POROUS PLASTERS.

I have also used BRANDRETH'S PILLS in my family for the last five years for billousness, and would have no other, as they give me the best satisfaction.

M. VREKLAND.

The Empress of Austria can set type and the empress of an American farm can set a hen. Customs differ in different ountries .- Merchant Traveler. Cancer for Twenty Years.

Mr. W. R. Robinson, Davisboro, Ga., Frites, under date Jan. 3, 1884: "I am getting on finely, the ulcer is gradually healing. I feel that Switt's Specific will cure the horrible cancer which easteen feeding on me for over twenty years."

Mr. O. G. Barron, of Banning, Ga., writes, dated March 3, 1884: "The soreness has all gone out of the Cancer, and my health has greatly improved. I have taken six bottles of Swirr's Specific, for a Skin Cancer, which I have had for years."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Come, Gentle Spring, and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at land. It may be had of the nearest druggist, and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all religious hymers, and make you, feel like poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood Purifier it has no equal.

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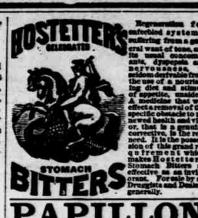
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